

hesitate by lovelyethereal

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Summary:

"Bill," She says again, voice firm and knowing. "Do you love him?"

He looks back into Beverly's eyes and says with absolute certainty, "More than anything."

hesitate

Author's Note:

a little fic i wanted to write based off of the song 'hesitate' by jonas brothers.

"Five minutes! Are you nervous?" Beverly's voice rings in Bill's ears as he stands before a full-body mirror, hands at his sides as she smooths out the barely-there wrinkles in the back of his suit jacket. He lets out a sigh, clenching his fists at his sides, then unclenching them with his head cocked to the side.

Everything felt too good to be true, like he needed Beverly to pinch him and bring him back to his reality of being curled up with Stan in his apartment, watching whatever show or movie they chose to watch that night. No wedding to attend, no stress, no worries. Not a care in the world. But they were here, all of their friends and family stuffed into a small church just outside of Los Angeles.

He loves Stanley with every fiber of his being, so why does this feel so hard to do?

"Hey," Eddie is at his side now, a firm hand on his shoulder. Bill was too caught up in his thoughts to register him, and eyebrow raised as if to ask him 'hm?'. "You okay?" Bill squeezes his eyes shut and takes a step back, shrugging both Eddie and Bev off of him as he turns on his heel.

"Why does it feel like this?" He asks, sitting in the chair adjacent to the mirror, tugging gently at the knot of his tie to pull it away from his throat as if it's suffocating him. "My heart is racing, I think I'm starting to sweat. Am I sweating? God, I thought this was supposed to

feel *good* because this is supposed to be the best day of my life. If that's true then why do I feel like the walls are closing in on me?"

Eddie and Beverly share a distressed look, both stepping forward to kneel at his sides. "Bill, look at me." Beverly says, taking one of his hands and unballing it so that she could get a better grip. Bill does as he's instructed and forces himself to meet her gaze, her eyes warm and understanding. "I know this is a big step and it feels like a lot, but I promise you, everything is going to be fine."

"But-"

"Bill," She says again, voice firm and knowing. "Do you love him?"

Bill pauses his breathing, thinking back to years and years of fond memories of him and the man he is about to marry. His golden curls and his bright summer smile, the khaki's and button downs that he still wore in his mid-twenties, the pitch of his laugh and the crinkles by his eyes when he smiled that smile that was reserved for Bill's eyes only. He thinks about all of his nervous ticks and the precise routines he follows every day.

He looks back into Beverly's eyes and says with absolute certainty, "More than anything." She offers him a smile and a light squeeze to his hand before she gets back to her feet and pulls Bill with her. She smiles warm and kind while nodding. Eddie stands beside her and reaches for Bill's tie, pushing the knot back toward the collar of his shirt and smoothing it against his chest beneath the buttons of his suit.

"You've got this." She says, ushering him out of the room and toward the chapel.

Ten minutes later finds Bill standing at the end of the alter waiting for Stan and the moment he's in view, Bill's world goes fuzzy, drowning out the anthem playing through the room, the people in the aisles faded to black and all Bill could see was the man walking toward him. The smile on his face is mirrored on Bill's as the initial shock wore off and that dopey, love-struck look of pure adoration soon took it's place.

Bill decides there's no place he would rather be.

The rest of the ceremony passes in a haze, their vows are short and sweet and yet somehow still profoundly beautiful and Bill only zones back in when their officiant announces proudly that he "may now kiss the groom".

The smiles mold together as they press them together, the feeling of 'holy shit we just got married' settling in their hearts, a giddy laugh leaving Bill's lips as he presses short pecks to his husbands mouth and, God, he loved the sound of that.

His husband.

The reception took place on a private beach, lights strung from various poles dug deep in the sand. Tables and chairs are scattered along the shore, far enough from the ocean that nothing would be

damaged by the tide. The happy couple traded their suits for button downs, shorts, and sandals. deciding it was better attire for the setting. Most everyone else at the reception was wearing something similar.

They decided to opt out of a first dance, given the setting it didn't seem plausible, but it worked out for the best seeing as they hadn't wanted to have a first dance anyway. It wasn't them.

Instead they sat on a large blanket somewhere to the side of all of the commotion of the reception with the rest of the losers spread out across it as well. Eddie and Richie occupies one corner, and arm wrapped around Eddie's shoulders as they listened to the story that Bev and Ben were retelling about their latest adventure together. Bill was only half listening, his chin resting atop the mop of curls against his chest as Stan was practically laying between his legs.

Both of his hands are planted behind him to keep him up and he smiles as Stan laughs lightly at whatever Ben had said. Mike sits closest to the waves, his girlfriend tucked against his side as they too listen to the stories, completely content with the company of his childhood friends.

There's music drifting toward them from the reception and Bill smiles as he recognizes the opening the chords of the song currently playing.

Kiss the tears right off your face

Won't get scared, that's the old, old, old me

I'll be there time and place

Lay it on me, all your hold, hold, holding

Time, time only heals if we work through it now

And I promise we'll figure this out

I will take your pain

And put it on my heart

I won't hesitate

Just tell me where to start

I thank the oceans for giving me you

You saved me once and now I'll save you too

I won't hesitate for you

Bill doesn't notice Stan's gently singing along until the vibration from it reach his chest and he looks down, pressing a kiss into his hair, then to his cheekbone, craning his neck to catch the corner of Stan's mouth. "I love you." He whispers into his skin.

Stan turns his head so he's facing Bill, capturing his lips with a hand coming the rest on his cheek, the band on his finger shining bright under the light of the setting sun.

"I love you." He murmurs against Bill's lips, adoration dripping from his words as he speaks between three short pecks, adding an extra to punctuate it.

Tomorrow they would begin their new life together and they wouldn't have it any other way.